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A MARTYR BISHOP,

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE CHORISTER BROTHERS," ETC.

LONDON :
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Martyr Bishop	1
Return of "The Southern Cross" to Norfolk Island, October, 1871	4
Joseph Atkin	7
Holy Cross	8
Finished Work	10
Work Unfinished	15
Keble	21
The Children's Choir	23
The Nineteenth of July, 1873	24
The Reunion of Christendom	26
Elgin Cathedral	27
Sketches from Recollection	31
A Cross-Bearer	33
Banchory-Ternan	34
Christmas Eve	36
Reunion	41
The Lost Church	43
The Bell of Holar	47
Under the Cross	49
Domine, quis habitabit?	50
S. Barnabas' Day	52
The Whistle in Church	54
New Year's Eve	56
Two Pictures :	
I. A Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian (Slingeneyer's)	57
II. Martyre Chrétienne (Delaroche's)	58
Music by the Wayside	59
The Engine-Driver's Christmas Day	61

	PAGE
To Mendelssohn	65
For the Feast of S. Raphael	66
"The Year begins with Thee"	68
Black-letter Saints	69
"It is good for us to be here"	71
"The labourer is worthy of his hire"	71
Song	73
Simon the Cyrenian	74
In quo corriget?	77
Autumn	78
Pastor Fidus	80
Questionings	83
A Village Choir	84
Angels	85
Joseph and his Brethren	86
Two Voices	88
In Memoriam. William Sterndale Bennett	90
Transfigured	92
A Simile	93
Two Rivers	94
Non Angeli—sed Angli	96
On a certain Picture of S. Cecilia	98
Kerloch Cairn	99
A Memorial	100
The Fanes of England	102
In Memoriam G. C.	103
For the Feast of All Saints	105
At the Receipt of Custom	106
The Royal Tree	109
Good Friday	111



A MARTYR BISHOP.

THEY pulled across the perilous reef to meet him,
At the rising of the tide,
Recking not of wounds and danger, might they greet
him,

Him, their shepherd and their guide !
And now their quest is over—they have found him,
Drifting homeward, still and calm,
With the emblem of his victory around him :
Martyr, sleeping with his palm.

See, he smileth yet upon them in his slumber
As they bear him from the shore,
As they count the deathwounds tenderly, and number
Five wound-prints—and no more.
Full reverently they mark each wondrous token,
With awe too deep to tell,
And say, from out the hearts with sorrow broken,
That GOD doth all things well.

Ah ! LORD, how shall this news be told or written ?
How shall this loss be borne,
When Thou Thyself the shepherd true hast smitten,
And left the flock forlorn ?

Wilt Thou in mercy raise them up another
From o'er the sundering sea
To speak to them, as brother-soul with brother,
To lead them up to Thee?

Weep for the orphan'd isles bereft of pastor !
Well may our eyes be dim ;
But, so royally hath servant follow'd Master,
We dare not weep for him !
Yea, lift ye up your hearts in all your sadness,
Ye, nearest him in love,
To think of the rejoicing and the gladness
In the true Home above.

Those whose saintly lives he lov'd so well to ponder,
In their footprints as he trod,
Have they not prepar'd a welcome for him yonder
In the Paradise of GOD ?
And the kinsmen who had pass'd to rest before him,
Each one in his happy lot,
Whom he loved to deem of fondly watching o'er him,
Unforgetting, unforgot ;

And the gentle young disciples whom he tended
In their baptism of pain
Till the conflict and the agony were ended,
How they welcome him again !
And the mother, she who first, ere she departed,
Once his young resolve had blest,
And the father who withheld not, noble-hearted,
Him his first-born, and his best ;



And the souls he won from darkness and from error
To the SAVIOUR'S glorious light,
They, erst holden of the bondage and the terror
Of death's shadow black as night ;
Stoop they not, a radiant cloud, from that blest
portal
With most loving greeting down,
Who shall shine for ever, ransomed, immortal,
As the jewels of his crown ?

Ah, what brighter lot than this his Master gave
him,
Could they wish, who loved him best,
They who gladly risked their lives, their all, to save
him,
And who followed him to rest ?
Though they followed by a sharper road and sterner,
What matter, if at last
Reunited, saintly teacher, humble learner,
They look back on " Jordan past ?"

All is over, doubt and sorrow and temptation,
Strife without and fears within,
Failing health, and pain of loss and separation,
And the weary fight with sin :
But the loving and the praying and the yearning
For the Blood-bought souls of men—
Can we deem of *these* as quenched ? are they not burn-
ing
Purer, brighter now than then ?

4 RETURN OF "THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

Ah, the many-peopled isles of that great ocean,
With their voices manifold,
Whom he lov'd with an untiring deep devotion
Which could faint not, nor grow cold—
As we think of him and them, before GOD'S Altar,
Shall we not give thanks and pray
That this work of his beginning may not falter,
Nor the good seed fall away?

Land, exulting in the greatness and the glory
Of thy heroes and their fame,
Thou canst reckon in the annals of thy story
Many a justly honour'd name:
But, in all thy roll of noble sons and daughters,
None brighter, nobler none,
Than his, who sleeps beneath Pacific waters,
Saintly Coleridge Patteson.

RETURN OF "THE SOUTHERN CROSS" TO
NORFOLK ISLAND, OCTOBER, 1871.

UP, up, and spread the canvas to catch the favour-
ing breeze!
Blow, gales, and speed the vessel across the sundering
seas,
For the loving hearts are anxious, and "the time is
long," they say,
"Why does our Bishop tarry upon his homeward
way?"

Ah ! the "fair white-wing'd peacemaker !" since her
wings first woo'd the gale,
Bare she never such a burden, carried never such a
tale !

She, the bringer of "*glad* tidings," the delight of long-
ing eyes,
Dove of promise, herald angel—O how heavily she
flies !

Yes ! still again from isle to isle the well-known craft
shall glide,
And the well-known boat draw landward, from the
gallant schooner's side ;
But the well-known form, ah ! never more shall loving
eyes behold,
Stepping through the surf to greet them, with the glad
calm smile of old.

Yet trim thy wings, fair "Southern Cross !" the blue
waves kiss the prow ;
But wear thy ensign half-mast high, for the Cross is
on thee now :
Where'er henceforth thou steerest with thy message
high and true,
Thou hast left thy master fathoms deep below those
depths of blue.

There is joy on Norfolk Island, there is hurrying to the
shore ;
Friends exulting for his coming, who shall come to
them no more.

6 RETURN OF "THE SOUTHERN CROSS."

Loving hearts in expectation, loving hands prepare the
best—
O what welcome shall await him in his cherish'd "nook
of rest !"

What a thrill of expectation through the little Christian
town !
How the children's voices echo, shouting, running up
and down !
Ah ! the glad young hearts, unclouded yet by dream
of coming loss !
She is sighted in the offing—their beloved "Southern
Cross."

* * * *

Sudden gloom upon the gladness, sudden blight upon
the feast—
Sudden stillness, aw'd foreboding, on the greatest as
the least ;
And the sudden tears are starting to each strain'd and
anxious eye :
Hush, oh hush the merry voices ! *for her flag is half-
mast high.*

JOSEPH ATKIN.

HE lay upon the cabin floor,
 Rack'd frame and shortening breath ;
 By that most cruel agony
 Sore stricken unto death :

Till, to the few who watched around
 To catch his last " Good-bye,"
 The one wish of the brave young heart
 Was " nothing but to die !"

The only son of parents dear—
 Ungrudgingly he lent
 To CHRIST'S great work his vigorous life
 To spend and to be spent.

Like master, likest scholar, he
 Best of that hero-band
 Join'd to the true Apostle-heart
 Clear head and skilful hand.

O happy, through those brief blest years
 His shepherd's lot to share
 In gladness as in heaviness,
 In risk and toil and prayer.

And his, when *that* bright course was o'er,
 To bear the martyr home ;
 To lay the much-lov'd form to rest
 In peace, beneath the foam.

Yet for a few brief days to mourn
That priceless leader's loss,
Then follow by a sterner road,
Bearing a sharper cross.

Brave spirit ! Sure thou provest now
That gracious Word of yore :
" His life who loses for My sake
Shall keep it evermore !"

HOLY CROSS.

"PULL, port oars, pull on steadily !"
His glance was fearless, his smile was free,
Though few the words that the steersman spoke
As the boat leapt on to the brave youths' stroke
O'er the waveless blue, 'neath the cloudless sky,
While fast the death-wing'd arrows fly
From the island of Holy Cross.

Will they hold out ? Will the strength abide ?
Will they reach in safety the vessel's side ?
Hope is quickening, but strength is going ;
Brave hearts faint not, but blood is flowing :
Safe ! ay, surely, some powerful charm
Hath shielded the steersman's life from harm ;
Till his hour appointed, no hand may scathe,
But two of the rowers have brought their death
From the island of Holy Cross.

O the days that followed that day !
The days and nights that becalmed they lay ;
The sad foreboding, the tender care,
The anxious vigil, the anguish'd prayer,
The deathless love and the quenchless faith,
Through the fading hope and the torturing death—

O Martyrs of Holy Cross !

Now they are resting, let sorrow cease.
Brothers in heart, they are resting in peace,
One 'neath the wave, and one by the shore,
But both together for evermore,
Together where sorrow and sin molest not,
Where only the songs of the Angels rest not—

Dear Martyrs of Holy Cross !

O islands, still under darkness lying,
O souls in that darkness living and dying,
From out of the peace of Paradise,
Through the long still years, do the prayers not rise
Of the souls who pass'd full of pitying kindness
For you, e'en the slayers, in your blindness,

Poor people of Holy Cross ?

Not yet complete is the victor song ;
Still must the voices cry, How long ?
And lives as goodly be sacrific'd
Ere the heathen turn to the light of CHRIST.
“How long?” nay, ask not ; kneel and pray
That the cloud of mistrust be roll'd away,
That the Day star rise to dispel their night,
And the Word go forth, “Let there be Light !”

On the islands of Holy Cross.

FINISHED WORK.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔγωγέ τι φημι τέλος χαριέστερον εἶναι.

HOMER.

IT stands at last—the substance of a dream—
 Of my long dream, in timber and in stone—
 Of my long toil with compass and with rule.
 How silent now ! where lately, day by day
 And week by week, the grating of the saw,
 The chipping of the chisel ceaselessly
 And deafening ring of many hammers woke
 A thousand echoes from the hollow ribs
 And sharp reverberant timber of the roof ;
 And all day long, the busy bee-hive hum
 Of workmen plying each his proper task
 Resounded in the yet unhallow'd aisles.
 Far other echoes they shall hear to-morrow !
 The pure-voiced children's chant antiphonal,
 Soft hymn, and holy prayer, and benison
 Shall breathe around, till transept, nave, and choir,
 That yet have been but consecrate in thought,
 Be made for ever holy to the LORD ;
 Hallow'd from all profane and common use,
 A home of prayer, none other than the house
 Of GOD Himself, the very gate of Heaven.
 How clear and white against the evening sky
 (All disencumber'd of its scaffolding)
 The steeple rears its slender height to heaven ;
 The holy symbol glittering in the light,
 And all its bells depending silently

To wake to-morrow with a joyous clang
And herald in their dedication morn.

The lengthen'd beams of the declining sun
Pour through the western window like a flood,
Lighting the chancel with a glorious light,
Gilding the cross upon the chancel screen,
Gilding afresh the altar's broider'd gold,
Gilding the quaintly-pattern'd organ-pipes
So soon to peal in rushing harmony ;
Lighting the carven woodwork, bringing out
The floral emblems on the capitals,
The cunning tracery of the poppy-heads,
The angel-headed bosses, and the scrolls,
The holy texts engraven on the walls,
And all the hidden mouldings of the roof.
I did not think to see my work so fair,
And yet I look upon it not in pride,
As knowing best my own unworthiness :
Rather, with something of that loving awe
And trembling thankfulness a mother feels
Who gazes on her infant unbaptized,
And knows that, ere a few short hours have run,
The healing dew, the touch of holy hands
Shall make him clean and pure, a child of Heaven,
A living temple of the Holiest.

I gaze upon my work unconsecrate.
Yet as I gaze, there comes unto mine ear
A stealthy whisper on the evening air,
A sullen whisper of the world's cold breath,
Saying, " Unto what purpose all this toil

Of brain and hand, of compass and of tool,
This spendthrift scattering of costly art
Where scarcely one shall see it, one regard ?
We bade him build a church for common men
To meet in, and to worship and to pray,
And not a gallery of deep research
For mystic wise and learned antiquary.
Who else shall read his highflown symbolism ?
Deems he our prayers shall be the more devout
Because our church's plan displays a cross,
Because we kneel on tessellated tiles ?
Or will our organ give out sweeter sounds
For all the quaint devices on the pipes ?
Or will our choir-boys be more reverent
For all the carving of the chancel-screen
And cunning tracery of the poppy-heads ?
These make not worship pleasing unto Him
Who dwelleth not in temples made with hands,
Who looks not on the appearance, but the heart.
E'en if the man would build himself a name,
A mighty monument, like him of Paul's,
That men might look around and marvel at him,
He has not gone the wisest way to work.
Who does he think will peer in every nook
And hidden corner of his fair design
To seek the impress of his master-mind
And master-hand ?"

I answer, " Not for this—

I have not sought to build myself a name—
To rear a gallery of deep research

For mystic wise and learned antiquary ;
Nor only, though in part, a place for men
To meet in, and to worship and to pray :
But more, a House where He vouchsafes to dwell
Whom Heav'n containeth not : where He Himself,
In His own written Word, will speak with men,
Or by the mouth of His own chosen priests,
Or in the highest mysteries of our Faith.
And thus my work has been a work for GOD,
And being such, it is the very least
And poorest I could offer unto Him ;
Ay, were it ten times fairer, all too mean
And all too poor for such an offering.
Ye that have given your wealth ungrudgingly
Begrudge me not the little I can give.
I have not gold and silver to bestow,
And yet I would not offer unto Him
Of that which cost me nothing. He hath spread
His microscopic wonders over earth
And air and water, painted wondrously
Each little blade and flower that grows unseen,
To teach us men that what we take in hand
Ourselves should make as perfect and as fair
(Though after our poor measure) as we may ;
Then surely chiefest when we work for Him.
If He hath given His servant eyes to see,
A mind to know 'the glorious from the base,'
A hand to guide the compass and the pen,
These are His gifts entrusted to my care,
A trust for which I have to give account

Whether I strive to use it unto Him,
Or in my own conceits, or, worse than all,
Keep the one talent buried in the earth
And worthless.

 If your prayers shall be more pure
I know not, or your organ-strains more sweet,
Or if your choir shall be more reverent,
Because the place is fair wherein ye kneel :
These things are yours to answer and to heed.
But I would fain ye should not lack herein
For holy signs and reminiscences,
For marks and symbols of our common Faith
To catch the wandering eye, and to bring back
The wandering thought from earthly things to heaven.
And I would fain, that, if ye held your peace,
Each stone, beneath, around you, should cry out
'Hosanna' unto Him ; and every beam
Out of the vaulted timber answer it ;
And every nook and every hidden spot
Where scarcely eye of mortal man will look
Should yet be perfect in its inmost part ;
Should bear some impress, not of me, but Him
Who gives His servants all they have to give.
I do not seek to build myself a name,
A monument, that men may look around
And marvel at my genius and my skill :
Yet I would ask of those who worship here,
Not to be unremember'd in their prayers.
If there shall be, of those who worship here,
One of CHRIST'S little ones, to whom the sight

Of lofty fane or storied glass has made
Some holy lesson plainer to his thought ;—
Or if there be, among the worshippers,
One childlike heart, a little one of soul,
One who disdains not little outward helps,
To whom a holy picture, text, or sign
Seems like an angel whispering of heaven,
Then let him offer, of his charity,
A prayer before the Throne of Grace for him
Whose hand, unworthy, rear'd the sacred pile ;
That howsoever here, by many a blow
Of earthly sorrow, many a sculpture keen
Of earthly chastening, polish'd by the hand
Of Him in love Who chastens all He loves,
He prove not quite rejected at the last ;
But, of CHRIST'S mercy, in the glorious Church,
The new Jerusalem, a living stone,
His resting-place, however lowly, find."

WORK UNFINISHED.

YES, it is mine. The golden dream, the prayer,
The fervent aspiration of my youth
Are granted, and success has come at last,
But all in vain, since all too late for me.
I did not think they would have chosen mine—
My first—there were so many to compete,
So many mottoes—ay, the whole of them
Are more than I can number—but the last

Was "Quam dilecta." They have chosen it,
And it was mine. It should be "First and Last,"
For that I shall not trace another line
On earth again for ever. I have sown,
But shall not reap. I did not sow in tears ;
Nay, with the whole devotion of my heart,
And skill of hand and brain, and joy of soul
From the beginning even to the end.
Ah ! the beginning—then I had high dreams
Of fame and laurels that should once be mine,
How eyes unborn should gaze upon my works,
And lips unborn should dwell upon my name,
Even as ours upon the works and names
Of those great Masters who have gone before.
Till, as I wrought, there fell upon my frame
A slowly wasting sickness as a blight
Or fire consuming that devour'd my days,
And with the same there fell upon my heart
A change, and all things alter'd to my view.
It did not make me love my task the less,
But evermore new visions filled my brain,
New thoughts, new aspirations, new designs,
And, spite of failing hand and shortening breath,
That strange slow fever seemed to fan my soul
To stronger effort and to higher aim.
And often I have wrought into the night
With throbbing heart and brow, and fever'd hand
Yet with a strange delight and fervent will.
Or if I slept, the visions faster came ;
Glimpses of glory and of forms of light

Too fair to reproduce with mortal tool,
Too bright for any worship save of Heaven :
And when I rose and set me to my work
Afresh, I scorn'd and hated my own lines,
They seem'd so mean, so earthly. O'er and o'er
I touch'd and alter'd and retouch'd again,
But could not reach my visions.

It was done :

I had not thought it would be done in time,
And to my eye it seem'd not half complete.
Such as it was, howe'er, I sent it in,
With seal and motto, at the very last,
And they who judg'd have chosen it, of all—
This dream of mine—for it is little more—
And at the most it seems a dream to me :
For ne'er shall I behold but in a dream
The fair tall shafts with carven capitals,
The dim mysterious beauty of the roof ;
And ne'er but dreaming shall I stand and mark
The pure white steeple glittering up to Heaven,
Bath'd in Heaven's light and crown'd with Heaven's

Sign.

Yea, all these have I seen—and once again,
So true, I could not think it was a dream,
So fair, I could not dream it was a truth,
I saw it finish'd, as full many an eye
Shall see it on its consecration morn
In all its fresh and virgin purity
Ev'n as a bride adorn'd for her spouse.
I thought I stood within the western door

And measur'd all its length, from where the foot
 First enters, by the white and holy font,
 To where the aw'd and silent worshipper
 Must bow before the Holiest of all.
 And as I mark'd, there came a crash of bells
 That seem'd to ring from Heaven ; and harmonies
 Came rolling from the organ's gilded pipes,
 And the whole Church seem'd living, with a crowd
 Of white-robed and angelic worshippers
 Singing in chorus. Then it seem'd, the sun,
 (For it was early morn) at once arose,
 Filling the eastern window with a light
 And glory as of Heaven, which dimm'd the rays
 Of lighted tapers in the holy place ;
 And that most Sacred Form depicted there
 Grew into radiance even as of life
 'Till I could gaze no longer. To the earth
 Fallen, with closéd eyes and cover'd face,
 I seem'd to hear the Voice of One that spake,
 " Here will I dwell ; for I delight therein."
 And with the awe and wonder, and the joy,
 Too great to bear, that such word should be said
 Of work of mine, I trembled and awoke.

* * * *

To-morrow they will lay the first hewn stone
 Into its resting-place. 'Twill be a day
 Of prayer, and glad rejoicing before GOD.
 I think its octave shall have scarcely come
 When hallow'd ground re-open, to receive
 most unworthy, to its rest ;—

Yea, one most vile, albeit the Master-hand
Hath dealt upon it many a shaping blow
To mould it to His Will, and grave thereon
Some faint, slight image of Himself.

O ye,

My fellow-men, for whom I wrought and plann'd,
Ye who henceforth shall kneel and worship here,
I ask not of you unforgotten fame
Or monument of marble—all I ask
A little space, some feet of hallow'd earth,
Wherein to lay me down and take my rest—
I think it will not lie too heavily
For that fair burden I have laid on it—
Somewhere beside the shelter of her walls,
And where the creeping shadow of the Cross
May rest upon me daily for a while,
And where the wind shall waft me sweet stray notes
Of choral voices and of organ tones.
And let my length lie parallel with hers
So duly east and west ; that I may look
With my dead face the way all ye shall look
Who celebrate the Holy Mysteries
Upon her happy dedication morn,
As I would join in spirit, if it may be.
And let my headstone be a lowly cross
Carv'd with the bare initials of my name,
And give me as my only epitaph
The legend "Quam dilecta." It is enough,
For it has been the watchword of my life,
The motto of my one successful work

Although it be unfinished.

O Thou,
My GOD, Who gavest me this work to do
And power and life to do it—ay, and love—
(Thou knowest that it has been a work of love
Who knowest my sin and its unworthiness)
Take it, though with the work Thou take away
The hand that wrought it. All things come of Thee,
And our best gifts we can but call Thine own ;
Yea, time itself and life.

Thy Will be done.

I murmur not, although I sow the seed
But may not reap the harvest. Only this
I ask, that Thou wouldst bless it to Thy praise
And to the lasting honour of Thy Name,
And lasting profit of my fellow-men.
And O Thou Searcher of all hearts, the Just,
The Allseeing, in Thy Mercy pardon me,
Yea, mid my countless errors, pardon me
If art have been my idol ; for Thou knowest
I worshipp'd her but as she worshipp'd Thee ;
Nay, she and I were fellow-worshippers :
She was my passion and my guiding star ;
The best of all Thy gracious gifts, to me ;
My earthly consolation to the end,
And dearest type and earnest of the truth,
The beauty, and the purity of Heaven.

KEBLE.

O SAINTLY Pastor ! call'd away
 In the full ripeness of hoar years,
 Thee with a Mother's bitter tears,
 The Church, thy Mother, mourns to-day.

And well : no son of truer love,
 More fervent zeal, and constant care,
 Her tender loving arms might bear
 To fashion for her home above.

All hers must mourn thee : they in chief
 Who best thy watchful guidance knew,
 Who saw thee face to face, and drew
 From thy wise counsel sweet relief ;

And they, thy brethren true and brave,
 Thy fellow-champions in the strife
 Extending over half a life,
 Who stood around thy hallow'd grave.

Nor these alone : yet more there are
 To whom thy name, whenever heard,
 Came like an ancient household word,
 Who only knew thee from afar.

Yea, tens of thousands hold thee dear,
 And weep thy gentle spirit fled,
 By thee from childhood taught to tread
 The pathway of a Christian Year ;

In that bright halo shed by thee
To see, in birds, and buds, and flowers,
Types of a fairer world than ours,
And shadows of its purity.

True Minstrel of the "Lyre and Sword"—
The SPIRIT'S Sword, so keen and strong,
Flashing through all thy wreaths of song,
And bearing witness to thy LORD.

Last faithful found in that great band
Who mov'd by zeal and holy fire
Erst struck the Apostolic Lyre
With fervent heart and cunning hand.

What though we miss thy minstrel voice,
Thou Poet true, thou Pastor dear,
Thy words yet stay our selfish tear,
Bid us look upward and rejoice.

They bid us praise our LORD and thine,
For all the good seed sown for Heaven,
The bright example thou hast given,
A light which through all time shall shine.

Thy Mother yet shall thousands see
Arise to bless thine honour'd name,
And, kindled at her Altar flame,
Gird up their loins to follow thee.

THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR.

WHEN on our Altar, in dread mystery
 The Holy Sacrifice is offer'd up,
 The lips of children lead our hymns most high,
 Yet taste not of that Bread or of that Cup.
 And in the heavenly mansions of the blest,
 A choir of children hath the Church at Rest.

First, best of all, the infant martyr band
 Whose lot was for their SAVIOUR first to die ;
 Who nearest Him shall follow, nearest stand,
 Clad in white robes of spotless purity.
 Their speechless tongues no mortal guile have known,
 For they are without fault before GOD'S Throne.

And others are there too, who bravely bore
 Unshrinking witness to the cause of truth ;
 And, undismay'd by fear of torments sore,
 Have seal'd their witness in their early youth.
 None are too lowly—none too weak and small,
 But CHRIST'S great army-roll embraceth all.

And some, unknowing of the Martyr's strife,
 There are, who learn'd to bear, for JESUS' sake
 Sore pain and sickness all their little life.

And some, for whom sad mothers mourning make,
 (Yet in their sorrow, know and count them blest)
 Were taken from the cleansing Font to rest.

These all in holy hope departed hence,
 Nor tasted here on earth the heavenly Food :
 Some slept in sacramental innocence :
 Some bore a sterner baptism of blood ;
 And some, in meekness turning not aside,
 Just sipp'd the bitter cup of life and died.
 O ye most favour'd little ones, who stand
 The nearest to GOD'S Altars here below,
 His little ones of every age and land
 Do still encompass you where'er ye go.
 When thoughts of sin or evil comrades lure,
 Think on that "cloud of witnesses" most pure.
 Since deems His Church that He doth still accept
 Your tribute, in her most exalted strain
 And service, be your words and actions kept
 Ever as pure as theirs from mortal stain.
 High grace is yours : O live to Him in faith
 Whom even infants glorified in death !

THE NINETEENTH OF JULY, 1873.

IT burst upon a startled land like a sudden passing
 bell,
 The tidings of the loss of him we knew and lov'd so
 well.
 With awe-struck hearts and bated breath, we gather'd
 round and read :
 "and shining light is quenched—our Wilber-
 dead."

In midst of life—bright healthful life, ah ! LORD, we are
in death !

O fatal hour ! O dire mischance ! so cries our want of
faith,

Nor deems that He, who turn'd aside the Prophet's
beast in wrath,

The Same perchance hath cross'd that day, in love, our
shepherd's path.

Were the dumb beast's eyes open'd, then, that Mes-
senger to see,

And bow in meek obedience ? men know not how
these things be :

They only saw how, causelessly, it stumbled as it trod
One moment—and the calm face lay upturn'd upon the
sod.

No lengthen'd cross was his, no couch of pain, whereon
to wait

Before the sore-imprison'd soul might pass the golden
gate :

Midst faithful work, plans immature, and aspirations
fervent,

The Master saith, "It is enough : well done, thou
faithful servant !"

Oh ! call not his untimely death, in whatsoever station,
Whose life on earth hath been a lifelong course of
preparation :

We only see the broken threads, but doubt not, every
strand.

Is gather'd, perfect and entire, into the Master's hand.

And so, mid all our grief, we feel that good hath been
thy lot,
O wise and saintly soul! whose works among us
perish not,
While round the cross-cut turf, the dear sad memory
shall abide
That here, on that bright summer day, our holy Bishop
died.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

EASTWARD and Westward goeth forth a cry
Exceeding great and bitter: "LORD, how long
Shall Thy redeem'd, Thy faithful, suffer wrong?
How long shall yet Thy seamless Robe be torn
By schism and bitter faction raging high;
And men, the heirs of love's eternity,
Wear out their little life below in scorn?
Shall there be discord in the Angels' song?
Didst not Thou leave unto Thine Heritage
Thy heaven-breathed peace in legacy?
And yet Thy people endless warfare wage,
Mixing in party strife and rivalry!"

A legacy of peace? Behold and see
If aught of peace be left in us to-day!
Might not the heathen point to us and say
In mockery, "See how these Christians hate?"
Baptiz'd into one great community,
LORD, one Faith professing, yet are we

Not of one heart, one mind ; but in debate
We waste our precious years : souls pass away
Ere they can choose between each jarring creed.
O breathe upon us in Thy clemency !
Give peace at home, bind up the wounds that bleed,
Give us a fervent will to cry to Thee
That Thou wouldst give Thy Church the grace of unity !

ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

O H ! the spoiler's hand was strong, to the work of
desolation,
And a heap of crumbling stones doth our glorious
temple lie ;
Ruined shrine and ruined Altar, niche and tomb and
decoration,
All in pitiless confusion, upturned to the blue sky.

And there rise not any more holy voices in the
Psalter,
The tones of supplication, the anthems of the choir :
Only the wild winds sing around the fall'n and tram-
pled Altar,
And the pillars are consuméd, and the gates, with fire.

And men kneel not now to pray where their fathers
knelt before them,
Where the mighty and the holy in the dust of death
lie low,

While the fretted roof no more spreads its vaulted
shelter o'er them,
But the sun-ray and the storm beat, and the soft white
snow.

Lift ye up, lift up your voices with bewailing and
lamenting
For the beauty and the glory and the faith of former
days ;
For the wild and wolfish fury, yea, the fury unrelent-
ing
Of the hand that kindled erst the sacrilegious blaze.

Hold your peace, a thousand voices straightway all
around are crying,
And the very stones and dust beneath your feet are
stirr'd :
Stone to sculptured stone is calling, dust to kindred
dust replying :
They have neither speech nor language, but their voice
is heard.

“ Is it nought, O sons and daughters of our brave and
ancient nation,
That around these desolated walls ye walk with care-
less tread,
That ye gaze with hearts and eyes unmoved upon their
desecration ?—
O more dumb than the dumb masonry—more reck-
less than the dead !

“Is it nought, O sons and daughters of a Mother true
and tender,
That ye see her shrine deserted, her holy place laid
bare?
That ye see her driven forth from her home of ancient
splendour,
To seek, in weariness and woe, a resting-place else-
where?”

Yea, they cry, the Pastor, sleeping 'neath the graven
cross and chalice,
And the mailéd warrior, resting in his robe of snow :
Deem they not our coldness harder than the ancient
spoiler's malice?
Ah ! fill *we* not up his measure, that these things are
so ?

Peace ! a gentle voice is breathing from the ruins
grey and shatter'd,
Breathing of a Faith unquenchéd, of a ceaseless
pray'r ;
Whispering the Shepherd watcheth ever, though the
flock be scatter'd,
Loveth ever, seeketh ever, though the fold be bare.

He will bring again the scatter'd sheep, that wander
in their blindness,
Where the fainting and the hungry with the husks
are fed,



Instead of emptiness and doubt, to feel His loving
kindness,
No more to gather crumbs, but taste the children's
bread.

He shall bring His Church from exile, o'er the gates
of hell prevailing,
When the sons of her oppressors at her shrines shall
kneel ;
And His Word shall raise up thousands of the blessed
line unfailing,
Saintly Pastors, not unworthy of their twofold seal.

And thou, O house of beauty, bide thou yet a little
longer,
Though the winter wind and storm thy rocking arches
shake :
Hate is strong and schisms are legion, but the love of
CHRIST is stronger,
And His servants yet shall rise and build, for His
dear Sake.

He shall raise thee up in glory brighter, purer than
the olden ;
With His presence He shall fill thee, evermore to
abide :
Around thy newly-risen walls shall gleam a lustre
golden,
When thou standest forth as gold, refined and puri-
fied.

He shall give songs for mourning, yea, great joy for
 lamentation,
 And the startled air shall echo with the bells' fair
 chime ;
 For the few shall be a thousand, and the weak a
 mighty nation—
 He, the LORD Himself, shall hasten it, in His good
 time.

SKETCHES FROM RECOLLECTION.

A WIDE expanse of shifting ocean,
 A wide expanse of breezy down :
 Green glassy billows in ceaseless motion,
 Dark furze, and short dry grass burnt brown,
 Burnt yellow-brown by the strong sun's ray :
 A nestling home in a shelter'd bay,
 Far from the busy world's commotion,
 The toil and traffic and smoke of town.

A steep white cliff with its bold projections,
 Blue headlands running far out to sea,
 And sunlit rocks with their bright reflections
 In waters calm as a lake's might be :
 The ripple of wavelets on the shore
 Retreating, returning evermore ;
 All these and a thousand recollections
 Are ever a present delight to me.

The merry voices of children playing
Out on the grass, in the summer sun :
An old white pony at pleasure straying
Around the field when his work was done :
A boat in-shore with a sunlit sail
Lazily fann'd by the evening gale :
A flag on a flagstaff lazily swaying
O'er the terrace crown'd by a watchful gun.

The old Church tower of the village, hiding
Among the trees on either hand :
The long blue arm of the sea, dividing
The island shore from its mother-land :
Fortress, and rock, and deep dark cave,
The scent of the wave and the sound of the wave :
The beacon-head for the mariners' guiding ;
And wondrous beauties of tinted sand.

Our wanderings over the downs at even,
As even deepen'd into night,
Watching the stars come out in heaven
And fading gleams of western light ;
When bats are abroad on fluttering wing,
And booming beetles, and each strange thing
Of insect birth, whereunto it is given
To wheel in the dusk its uncertain flight.

The hedges bright with wild roses blowing
And honeysuckle, beside the way :
The pleasant breath of the year's new mowing,
The busy workers among the hay,

All these that made our wanderings sweet,
 Spite of the dust and spite of the heat
 Of the broad June sun above us, glowing
 In undimm'd brightness the live-long day.

And years roll onward, the years that sever
 From times most sweet, as they wax and wane :
 Fairer days may be ours, but never
 Shall those calm days return again
 When in the cloudless summer weather
 We wandered over those scenes together,
 Whose memory shall be a joy for ever
 To heighten gladness, to soothe in pain.

A CROSS-BEARER.

ONLY a working man—a unit—one
 Among the thousand thousand sons of toil,
 Pass'd by of many, and observ'd of none,
 In the great city's vortex of turmoil.

Only a working man, in mean attire,
 Still with the sweat of labour on his brow :
 What doth he foremost in the Church's choir ?
 How shall he sing and meetly worship how ?

No angel, though a glory seem to rest
 On and around him, from the holy place,
 Hiding rough garments 'neath the stainless vest,
 Smoothing the furrows from the toil-worn face ;



And hands that plied the busy tool all day,
Working with skilled and energetic grasp,
Now, one short hour, the "Royal Banner" sway,
Folding the ebon staff in reverent clasp.

To-night, the snowy robe, the chanted psalm,
The proud glad bearing of the jewelled cross ;
To-morrow, toil for rest and strife for calm,
The weary striving with earth's gain and loss.

O Mother dear ! the secrets of thy love
Not many mighty, worldly-wise, may know ;
But such sweet foretastes of the bliss above
Thou storest for CHRIST'S simple ones below.

BANCHORY-TERNAN.

O BANCHORY, sweet Banchory,
Thou village by the Dee,
Fairer than many a loftier name
Seems thy name unto me !
With smiling hills that gird thee round,
And pine and birchen groves
Where, winding like a silver band
The pure swift river roves.

The frowning crests of Lochnagar
A bolder front may show ;
More grand the brows of dim Ben An
Vaunt high their summer snow :

But round thy vale, fair Banchory,
There hangs a softer charm
On firclad knoll and sheltered croft
And nestling brae-side farm.

How fair the tender lights and shades
Among thy hills that gleam,
O'er moor and wood and fertile field,
On bridgeway and on stream :
Whether the winter fling o'er all
Her mantle pure and cold,
Or spring hath clad each broomy brae
With sheets of shining gold.

O Banchory, fair Banchory !
There resteth on thee still,
A purer than that earthly light
On wood and tree and hill :
Since round thy very name we mark
A saintly halo shine,
And still thou pointest faithful hearts
To holy Ternan's shrine.

O Banchory, fair Banchory !
Though schisms and strife be sore,
Though men may deem thy patron-name,
A name, and nothing more :
Yet hast thou, may be, wealth of prayers,
And mem'ries stor'd on high
More than are dream'd of, in the pride
Of earth's philosophy.

Keep thy sweet name, O happy vale !
While seasons wax and wane,
Through summer glow and winter snow,
Spring promise, autumn gain ;
While to the arms of silver Dee
Fierce Feugh impetuous leaps ;
While, like a couching lion, ward
The distant Kerloch keeps.

O Banchory, sweet Banchory,
Guard well thy sacred trust !
The memory of thine own dear saint
Still blossoms from the dust.
Raise up true hearts to speed the work,
In ages past begun,
Till all the sons of thy fair soil
In faith and love are one.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

O MOTHER, mother, listen how the Christmas
bells are ringing,
Telling out to all the city the " Tidings of great joy !"
Don't they sound like many voices, like the holy Angels
singing ?
I used to think they were, when I was a little boy.
Ah ! you thought I was asleep, that I should sleep on
and forget it,
Forget that this was Christmas Eve, to-morrow
Christmas Day ;

And it makes you cry to think—but mother dear, you
mustn't let it ;

You mustn't cry, indeed, because I'm going away.

Last year I sang the anthem by myself, do you re-
member ?

There was no one else, of all our choir, could sing
so high :

Was it a year ago, that twenty-fourth of December ?

How bright the stars were shining in the clear dark
sky !

How bright the stars were shining in the frosty heaven,
Behind the tall dim spire, on the house-tops looking
down :

I hardly know which shone the brightest, on that even,
The stars above the houses, or the lamps in the town.

For all along the street the lighted windows flash'd and
glisten'd,

Like a grand illumination, on our holy night ;

And the quiet stars above twinkled down as if they
listen'd

To our chant, as we went into the church's blaze of
light.

For it seem'd all ablaze with its wondrous decoration,
The flow'rs and holly berries, the red and white and
green,

And the holy verses telling forth the tidings of salvation
Beneath the eastern window, and the Cross upon
the screen.

Oh, I could not have forgot—it was of this that I was
dreaming,

When the bells began to ring, and woke me with
their merry clang :

In my dream I saw the church and heard the chanting,
only seeming

Brighter than we ever deck'd it, sweeter than we
ever sang.

Two and two we went in singing, through the low
southern portal,

Out of the starry darkness, to the church's blaze of
light ;

And it seem'd there went in with us voices of the hosts
immortal,

Swelling as our anthem swell'd, and dying in the
heaven's height.

It was the chant we always sing, the nineteenth from
the Psalter ;

There, without, we had begun it, underneath the
firmament :

All up the church we sang it, till we stood before the
altar,

And in one mighty burst to Heaven the cry of
“Glory” went.

Then again my dream was changed : all in silence we
were kneeling,

In the chancel—not a voice, not a breath, that still-
ness broke ;

Till there went forth on a sudden, a great crash of
bells and pealing,

And I knew that it was over—and then I awoke.

And I know that it is over, the service and the sing-
ing,

The blessed Christmas vigil, that I long'd so to keep ;
Yet I am glad they woke me, those happy changes
ringing,

I cannot rise and answer them, yet I cannot sleep.

O mother, I have thought it was so very hard to hear
them

Ring out to call the others, while I had but to lie
still !

Many times I've wish'd myself away—yes, anywhere
but near them,

You know I couldn't bear it, when I first was ill.

But I have learnt to bear it, as my time of trial
lengthen'd—

To bear what seem'd at first so hard, so very sad
and strange,

For strength, 'tis said, is as our day ; and truly I was
strengthen'd,

And I am very happy, mother, now : I wouldn't
change.

And I love to hear them clashing, those ten tongues, in
merry chorus ;

I think the Angels on their harps together smote a
chord :

We cannot see them, like the shepherds ; yet they
hover o'er us,
And hymn for us the rising of the Glory of the LORD.

Ah ! it has ceas'd, the chiming—and the blessed day
is breaking,
The holy day of Christmas, the day when He was
born :

The bell-voices will be silent, till they chime for men's
awaking
To the first high celebration in the early grey of
morn.

And I know that it is over, the waiting time of sorrow,
The weary time of sickness, the fading hope and
pain :

Perhaps it was my dream—something tells me that to-
morrow
I shall not be alone—I shall be with you all again.

Not in this failing body, in my weakness and com-
plaining ;

Nor only in a happy dream, but in His blessed Light !
I will rest—the bells are resting—while the few dark
hours are waning ;
I shall not need to rest, where they rest not day or
night.

I shall think of you, dear mother, in your loneliness
and sadness,
Near you when your heart is failing, when your eyes
are dim :



You will not let your sorrow touch your Christmas song
of gladness ;
For if we wake or if we sleep, still we are one in
Him.

REUNION.

WHEN the loving and the true and tenderhearted
After absence meet again,
Who have lov'd with faith unchanging, since they
parted
In their sorrowing and pain :
Scarce in words they paint the bliss of their reunion ;
Seems enough, that bliss to prove,
Eye to eye and heart to heart in sweet communion,
In the silent gaze of love.

Shall we look at one another thus in Heaven,
When we meet to part no more,
Weeping ended, griefs forgotten, sins forgiven,
On the crystal ocean's shore ?
All the hunger of our heart-depths fed for ever,
All our aching longings still'd ;
Drinking joy from GOD'S Own Presence like a river,
Never sated, ever fill'd ?

Not alone the narrow circle of our kinsmen,
Whom we lov'd the best on earth,
With the holy pure affection that first wins men
To look upward from their birth :



But a mighty host of blessed ones and holy,
On the Church's roll of fame :
Saint, Apostle, Prophet, Martyr meek and lowly,
Whom we only knew by name.

Those who taught us by their word and their example,
By their death as by their life,
On the necks of our salvation's foes to trample
And to conquer in the strife :
Those who ran the race and won the crown before us,
Counting earthly gain but loss :
Those who swell the one new song, the happy chorus
Of the soldiers of the Cross !

Yea, on these shall we not gaze our fill, and gazing,
Know and feel ourselves at rest
In the joy of a salvation so amazing,
So unutterably blest ?
Ay, and with one Human Face above all other,
Ever gazing, be suffic'd—
Face of GOD and Man, Redeemer, Friend, and Brother,
Ev'n the Face of JESUS CHRIST?

THE LOST CHURCH.

A LAMENT FOR WHITSUNDAY.

“ Behold, and visit this Vine.”

ON this day lift up your voices, yea, lift up your
souls and pray
For a Church in desolation, for a country far away.

Land of fire-flood and of ice-flood, land of saga and of
song :
Home of simple hearts and lowly, grave of mighty
hearts and strong.

Skald and warrior, fierce and restless as the fire that
Hekla fills :
Saint and martyr, pure and peaceful as the spotless
snowy hills.

Backward but eight cent'ries glance ye—on this day a
Hand Divine
Grafted, borne across the ocean, 'mid these hills a noble
vine.

Years before, the soil was ready, and the precious seed
was sown :
Hearts prepar'd, the heathen scatter'd, idol temples
overthrown.

In the land of her adoption then a mighty tree she
stood,
To the fleet her boughs extending and her branches to
the flood :

Tended, shelter'd, richly water'd by the same Almighty
Hand,
Struck root downward, bare fruit upward, till she filled
all the land.

Then the bells' fair voices sounded over heathclad vale
and moss :

Then the snowy hills look'd fairer in the shadow of the
Cross.

Then by homestead and by hut uprose the holy
churches, deck'd
By the skill of priestly painter and the singer-architect ;

With the mighty pines of Norway, costly gifts from
foreign lands,
Offerings of pure devotion, from true hearts and skilful
hands :

Then a holy Bishop, bearing GOD'S own seal upon his
brow,
Hallow'd church and gifts and altar—hallow'd? look
upon them now !

All unknown, unseen, forgotten, in the ancient shrines
they lie,
Relics of the ancient glory, of the ancient piety.

Rust is on the broider'd vestment, tarnish'd is the fine-
wrought gold ;
On the holy walls, neglected, creep the mildew stains
and mould.

All decay and desecration, telling but of sorest need,
Telling of a fallen Priesthood, of a mutilated creed.

Ye who love your pure Communion, will ye not with
one accord
On this day lift up your voices, and for this entreat the
LORD?

Ye have suffer'd too, and sorrow'd : ye were never so
bereft.
Had ye, in your fiercest tribulation, not a remnant left ?

Hath He not in His great mercy, left you still an open
door ?
Cometh not the Church, in fulness to your mountain
land once more ?

Pray Him Who hath richly blest you, that again His
Light may shine
On the widow'd church of Iceland, on her fall'n and
trampled vine.

Pray Him for the pure devotion of the ages that are
gone,
For the zeal of blessed Thorlak, for the truth of martyr'd
Jón :



For the faith that cross'd an ocean under holy hands
to kneel,
Gladly braving toil and danger, for the Apostolic seal.

On this day, when her first Bishop took his mission
from on high,
Pray for Iceland's restoration to the great community.

He Who sped her first Apostle o'er the separating wave,
Is His Arm Almighty shorten'd? hath He now no
pow'r to save?

Is His Ear of mercy heavy, that He cannot hear their
cry?
Nay, ev'n now are they not blessed—rich in all their
poverty?

Blessed in their hallow'd acres, blessed in their ancient
lore,
Blessed in their saints departed, in their witnesses of
yore?

Where they pray'd, and toil'd, and suffer'd, where they
fought and vanquish'd,
Still from ruin'd shrine and altar speak the holy, being
dead;

Speak aloud their blessed promise, unto ears that will
to hear,
Of a mighty restitution, of a brighter dawning near.

THE BELL OF HOLAR.¹

MIST hangeth murky
 On moorland and fell,
 Hangeth round homes
 Where the Holar men dwell :
 When swingeth suddenly,
 Slowly and solemnly,
 Breaking the silence,
 The stroke of a bell.

A holy Bishop
 Went forth to death ;
 Lowly and lamblike
 Hath yielded his breath ;
 Calmly hath clasped his cross,
 Weeping not earthly loss ;
 Gladly hath given
 His life for his faith.

Weep him not, wail him not,
 Lying so calm :
 Who graspeth in dying
 The Martyr's palm,

¹ Jón Arnason, Bishop of Holar, the last Catholic prelate of Iceland, was put to death for his faith in the 16th century. The great bell of his church is still shown, and is said to have tolled of itself when he suffered martyrdom. See "Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas," by S. Baring-Gould.

He needs not your weeping
To trouble his sleeping :
Raise for him rather
Triumphant psalm !

“Yet must we weep him,
Who loved him well,
Though no hand dareth
Ring him a knell.”
Wherefore then, suddenly,
Slowly and solemnly
Breaketh the silence
Again the great bell ?

Weep ye, ay weep !
Though ye weep not for him :
The cup of your sorrow
Is full to the brim.
Weep for the Priesthood lost !
Wail that a shade hath cross'd
O'er the land's glory,
Making it dim.

And ever let Iceland
The story tell,
How, when her last Bishop
A Martyr fell,
Toll'd by no mortal hand,
Startling the stricken land,
Solemnly sounded
Holar's great bell.

UNDER THE CROSS.

THERE is a sleep that no morn waketh,
 A silence that no murmur breaketh,
 A rest which no unquiet shaketh,
 Under the Cross.

Above, the summer sun shines brightly,
 The pure calm stars look downward nightly :
 I wot who sleepeth there sleeps lightly,
 Under the Cross.

No sorrow tortureth nor sin shameth,
 No evil envious tongue defameth,
 And no man praiseth there or blameth,
 Under the Cross.

There pain and sickness harass never ;
 No seas can part, nor death can sever ;
 All tears are wip'd away for ever,
 Under the Cross.

There, rest is to the weary given
 Who faithful strife with sin have striven ;
 Their peace is as the peace of Heaven,
 Under the Cross.

The day draweth on, the long day weareth,
 One toileth and another careth,
 But them nought vexeth and nought scareth,
 Under the Cross.

The day draweth on, the end draweth nigher,
When He shall judge the world by fire,
Whose Coming they in hope desire,
Under the Cross.

Then let us all for mercy crying
Pray GOD, for sake of JESU'S dying,
To give us all such calm down lying
Under the Cross.

For not till Heaven and earth are shaken
And guilt by doom is overtaken,
Shall mortal from that sleep awaken
Under the Cross.

DOMINE, QUIS HABITABIT ?

WHO shall dwell in the Courts of the King, at the
footstool of Grace ?

Who shall ascend to the hill of the LORD, to His holy
Place ?

Steadfast with eyes set Heavenward who runneth the
earthly race.

Who shall lift up clean hands with the whiterob'd
worshipping throng ?

Who shall lift up a brave glad voice in the service of
song ?

Whoso is pure of speech, with his words who hath
done no wrong.



Who shall fall low and adore in the place of the
Sacrifice?

He whom no flatterers lure, no evil counsels entice :
He who walketh unscath'd in midst of the haunts of
vice.

Who shall come near and partake when the Chalice is
lifted up?

Who of the LORD of the Feast is bidden draw nigh
and sup?

He who is hallow'd of lips and pure from the poison
cup.

Whoso his witness bears for his LORD in a world of
sin,

Eyes undazzled and heart unlur'd midst its glare and
din,

He shall be welcom'd of Him to His House and be
bidden come in.

Lowly of soul and gentle and guileless in all his ways,
Serving with heart and hand and lips, through his
earthly days,

He shall attain to the service of rest and the garment
of praise.

S. BARNABAS' DAY.

HARK ! again the gladsome echoes, pealing from
the cross-topp'd spire !

Hark ! again the holy anthems, and the voices of the
choir !

Ring, fair bells, and sing, fair voices, sounding forth
and making known

Our bright day, the one dear Festival that most we
count our own.

Years have come and years have gone, since our first
day of Dedication,

When we nam'd our church in his bright name, the
Son of Consolation ;

And we prayed the King of Saints to give our efforts
fair increase,

With His Strength and His Indwelling, and the blessing
of His Peace.

Peace ! ah ! what had we to do with peace, whose lot
was scorn and hate,

When the waves of tumult broke against our chancel's
very gate ?

Oh, the strife, the wild confusion that these holy walls
have seen,

Looking down to-day as calmly as such things had
never been !

Thank we GOD those days are gone—yea, rather, thank
Him that they came
Searching out our cause and trying, with their fierce
refining flame :
Showing forth how yet among us lingered faith and
constancy,
Showing forth, in days like these, what our dear
Mother's voice may be.

Thank Him that amid the hardest strife she yet has
stood the test ;
For the brave hearts yet within her who denied not,
but confess'd,
Hoping still, contending, keeping love and truth
inviolatè,
Working on 'mid heathen ignorance, and worse than
heathen hate.

Thank Him for those gates aye open, with their wel-
come free and sure ;
For the witness, true and steadfast, of our Ritual most
pure ;
Yea and for our bells' fair voices, in their daily call to
prayer,
Bearing forth their faithful witness on the many
tonguéd air.

Therefore sing we and exult we in our Feast of
Dedication,
Praising Him, Whose Love hath brought us through
the fire of tribulation.

Peace He gives and strength hath given, He Who
giveth blessings all :
In His Strength alone exult, that we exult not but to
fall.

THE WHISTLE IN CHURCH.

SUGGESTED BY AN INCIDENT AT AN EARLY WEEK-DAY CELEBRATION.

THE Priest knelt at the Altar
When the mystic words were said,
Ere to the few assembled
He gave the Cup and Bread ;
And silent, in the holy place,
Those few too knelt in prayer :
You might have heard a falling leaf,
So hush'd the stillness there :
When through the open portal
Fell sudden on the ear,
Borne on the summer morning air,
A whistle, long and clear.

Peace ! with thy jarring echo,
Voice of the world's rude din !
In this our solemn moment
How durst thou enter in ?
Nay, for it hath a pleading tone,
Doth it not seem to say :
" O think of us who labour,
Ye that have time to pray !

“ Think of our life of danger,
The miles on miles we run,
Between the light of morning bright
And evening’s set of sun :
Think of the lives committed
Each hour, into our hand ;
The hundreds, hurrying to and fro
Throughout the teeming land :
Think of the many journeys,
The manifold employ
Of those who part in grief of heart,
And those who meet in joy.

“ Spare us, before the Altar,
One thought, the while ye bend ;
And pray the good LORD bless us
Unto our journey’s end.
Except He keep the city
The watchman wakes in vain :
Except He guard the pathway
Ill luck betide the train !
Then pray Him go before us
As on our way we press ;
Pray Him to give us watchful hearts,
And bless our watchfulness.

“ Chide not the voice, but rather deem
Some Angel lent it power
To penetrate the holy walls,
E’en at the holiest hour.



Ye that have grace to worship,
Ye that have time to pray,
O breathe a prayer for those who fare
Throughout the land to-day !”

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

RING out, fair bells, your changes gay,
And fill the night with minstrelsy !
The old year passeth swift away,
And it must pass with melody.

The old year passeth—ay, is gone,
With all its chequer'd joy and sorrow :
Ring on, ye gladsome bells, ring on !
A bright new year shall dawn to-morrow !

Ye cannot tell what it may bring
Of pain and grief, of joy and mirth ;
Yet still your happy changes ring
As joy were all unmix'd on earth.

And yet, fair bells, ye are not wrong,
Though dim and dark the future low'r,
To cheer us with your angel song
Through the old year's last waning hour.

Ye cannot tell us of our lot :
But yours is aye the blessed tale
Of one sure Hope that changeth not
And one sure Stay that cannot fail.



TWO PICTURES.

I. "A MARTYR IN THE REIGN OF DIOCLETIAN."

(Slingemeyer's.)

THOU sleepest—yet thy waking is to die,
 Meek Martyr ! resting in a slumber deep
 And calm as childhood's, 'neath His watchful Eye,
 Who truly "giveth His belovèd sleep."
 Thy lips are parted in a tranquil smile,
 So tranquil, one might almost deem the strife
 Were o'er : thy hands yet clasp thy cross the while,
 Pledge of thy stay in death, thy claim to endless life.

The harden'd heathen jailer starts to see
 Thy calmness, and in wondering awe looks down
 Upon thy silent form. Who knows but he
 May one day follow thee, and share thy crown?
 Who knows, but that the earliest seeds of faith,
 By sight of thee implanted in his heart,
 May grow, till, pressing on through chains and
 death,
 He rise and meet thee there, where nought can ever
 part ?

A moment, and the hungry lion's roar
 From thy calm rest shall rudely thee awaken :
 One painful stage remains, one trial more—
 Go bravely forth, in faith and trust unshaken !



The sun is shining on thy place of death ;
And o'er thee stealeth in one slender ray,
Type not unfitting of thy Heav'nward path—
Aye brightening "more and more unto the perfect
day."

II. "MARTYRE CHRÉTIENNE."

(Delaroche's.)

THOU sleepest—and for thee the strife is o'er,
Fair sister ! none shall break that calm repose,
As yestermorn, when early, e'en before
The sun had ris'n, rude voices of thy foes
Rous'd thee, with scoff and taunt, to die ;—but first
Their fell and fiendish malice to abide
Unto the end ; and having done their worst
They cast thy body forth upon the darkling tide.

The cold dark waves are pitiful to thee,
A restful couch ; and on their bosom borne
Thou glidest down to the deep murmuring sea
To sleep thy sleep till the great Easter morn.
And lo, a marvel ! o'er thy sainted head
Is lit a ring of fire, a glory-crown ;
To wondering infidels a token dread,
As on its distant course they mark it drifting down.

Float calmly on to the great sea, fair maid !
The rest and peace which thy poor body gaineth
After sharp pain, are but the type and shade
Of the soul's rest, the Sabbath that "remaineth."



The pure waves wait for thee, lapp'd in the bright
Mild radiance of the steadfast moon above,
Even as thy happy soul doth rest in light,
Bath'd in a sea of bliss, the "Ocean of His Love."

MUSIC BY THE WAYSIDE.

THE spring is come in all its wealth of gladness,
The bright and pleasant spring !
Bidding nature cast aside her robe of sadness—
Waking "every leaf to sing ;"
The wild bees are singing in the hedges,
The wild birds in the wood,
The soft winds are sighing in the sedges
Beside the murmuring flood.

But the hot sun is beating on the braeside
With its sultry noontide glare,
On the dust and the traffic of the wayside :—
Who seeks for music there ?—
In the rattle of the railway, constant, fleeting,
The wheels upon the road,
The footfall of the passers, voices meeting,
The carhorse with its load ?

Yet hark ! pausing near a wayside dwelling,
Sudden harmony of sound,
Sudden music, rising, falling, sinking, swelling,
Filling all the air around !



Not the hand of a master, boldly straying
The mazy keys along ;
But a breath of Heaven is in the simple playing
Of chant and holy song ;

For I knew some faithful heart, brief leisure stealing
From the noontide toil and heat,
Sent forth the humble music that came pealing
Out o'er all the quiet street ;
And I thought of the simple life and lowly
With its undernote of praise,
Like the strain of sacred music, making holy
Common works and common ways.

And I think how by life's pathway, very often,
In its noontide hot and drear,
Some heavenly strain is sent to soothe and soften,
To brighten and to cheer ;
Some word or deed unsullied by earth's leaven,
The thought of some pure life,
Like the echo of an angel-song from Heaven,
Comes to lighten all the strife.

And I thank the Fount of Love, the bounteous Giver
Who hath lent to each his part ;
Voice of melody to bird and bee and river,
Breath of praise to thankful heart ;
And if only one, whatever his condition,
Read this lesson from his strain,
I think that, all unconscious, the musician
Hath not play'd, perchance, in vain !

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

ABOVE him floats the drifting steam,
 Around him flies the parted snow,
 While, flashing in the wintry gleam,
 The piston glances to and fro.

No track of path, no blade of green
 O'er all the wide expanse appears :
 The frosty air is cold and keen,
 And whistles fiercely in his ears.

He heard this morning ere 'twas light
 The bells of the great city ringing,
 The tidings of the Holy Night
 With joyous voices round them flinging.

He heard the carol far away—
 Nor murmur'd that the joyful strain
 Wak'd others to a holiday,
 But call'd him to his work again.

He thinks how all the bells would ring
 In his old village church at home,
 And how the waits were wont to sing
 As they from house to house would roam.

And in the roaring of the wheels
 He hears their echoes evermore ;
 The changes of the gladsome peals,
 The waits beside the cottage door.



The well-known scenes before him rise—
The snow-clad church, the village train,
All stand in thought before his eyes
As if he were a boy again.

Before the whistle's piercing scream
The stillness of the landscape broke,
Before the roaring of the steam
The cavern's slumbering echoes woke :

Before the iron way was laid
By field and hamlet, tree and tower,
Or people thought to be convey'd
To town at "forty miles an hour."

Ah ! yes—those days are passèd away ;
One glance around—the dream is fled :
The snow is o'er his trackless way,
The steam-cloud floating o'er his head.

He eats his Christmas dinner there—
Beside the roaring engine fire ;
Contented with his humble fare,
And never seeks or asks for higher.

That bunch of holly, green and bright,
Beside the shining boiler dome,
He means shall decorate, ere night,
The whitewashed ceiling of his home.

For so each village home was gay
 At Christmas, when he was a boy ;
 And he would make the holy day
 Still to his children speak of joy.

Before them spreads no village scene—
 The housetops bound their narrow view ;
 But they will love the bit of green
 More than their father used to do.

How they will run his steps to meet
 With sparkling eyes and voices merry ;
 And prize it, in that crowded street,
 And number o'er each scarlet berry !

And when the day is nearly done,
 And the dim light is almost spent,
 And the stars twinkle, one by one,
 In the clear frosty firmament :

When in the steam-cloud overhead
 Bright sparks drift in the rushing wind ;
 When lighted are the front-lamps red,
 And the bright tail-light gleams behind :

How cheerful is the ruddy glow
 By the red furnace shed around,
 Kindling with light the winter snow,
 And flashing on the frozen ground.

64 THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

Yet brighter to his eye, at night,
His humble cottage fire shall burn,
What time his children, with delight,
Run forth to greet his safe return.

When the clos'd door, the candle lit,
Leave nought of snow and storm to dread :
When round the humble board they sit,
By careful housewife neatly spread.

When the bright holly hangs display'd,
To ornament the chimney wide,
Which all day in the wind had sway'd
The boiler's polish'd dome beside.

When in the cheerful faggot's blaze,
The children gathering round his chair,
He tells of bygone Christmas Days—
Then closes this with praise and prayer.

For he may have a thankful heart,
Although he could not join the throngs
Who pour'd from city, lane, and mart,
To meet in prayer and joyful songs.

And he may serve, who strives to hold
On his plain course of duty right :
Were not the heav'nly tidings told,
To those who "watch'd their flocks by night?"



So shall he sleep in thankful cheer,
 And scarce the thought his rest may spoil
 That "Christmas comes but once a year,"
 And is, for him, a day of toil.

TO MENDELSSOHN.

"Es hat mich in *die* Stimmung gesetzt, wo man sich solch einen Mann ins Leben zurück wünscht, um sich bei ihm bedanken zu können ; und wo man sich sehnt, auch einmal was zu machen, das einen andern später in solcher Stimmung versetzen könne."—*Reise-Briefe von F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy.*

THAT men might wish thee back again to life
 To thank thee for the treasures left behind,
 Was surely no vain longing of thy mind
 Inspir'd by proud ambition, envious strife
 For the pre-eminence : thy sunny youth
 Had visions more of love than of renown ;
 And as thou aye didst work in love and truth,
 Thine art has won thee love, yet won thy laurel crown.

We would thou wert amongst us here once more,
 For thy rich gifts, thy dowry pure and sweet
 Of fairy melody—before thy feet
 Our grateful loving tribute to outpour,
 O early loved, and yet how early lost !
 Honour'd, but honour'd chiefest when too late !
 Yet who, when life's rough waves are safely cross'd,
 Dare wish thee back to life, O gifted soul and great ?

FOR THE FEAST OF S. RAPHAEL.

"Raphael which was an Angel."—Tobit iv. 5.

MIGHTY Guardian, incense-bearer,
 Heav'n-sent healer, Raphael,
 Meekly at thy Master's bidding
 Coming down with men to dwell :
 Shall we not with joy and wonder
 On this day thy praises tell ?

Other angels bright and glorious
 Bringing answer unto prayer,
 All too pure for mortal weakness
 Vision dazzle, senses scare ;
 Only thou, as friend and brother,
 Homely mortal guise dost wear.

Well we love thy gentle picture
 Meetly drawn for us of yore ;
 In the widow-maiden's chamber,
 By the Tigris' sounding shore ;
 With thy hymn of praise ascending
 When thy tasks of love were o'er.

When the stricken maid entreated
 Thou didst hear her anguish'd cry :
 In the old man's doubt and sorrow
 Thou unseen wert standing by,
 Ever sweet remembrance bringing
 Of his fearless charity.

O how blessed was his journey
Who receiv'd thee for guide !
In the hour of fear and danger
Ever constant by his side ;
Waking, sleeping, working, praying,
'Neath thy shelter to abide.

True, he reck'd not of thee rightly
Till the "travelling days" were "done :"
Till the enemy was vanquish'd,
And the victory was won ;
Till the old man, waiting meekly,
Clasp'd a daughter and a son.

Still in many a work of mercy,
Sinner heal'd and sick made well,
Loving care of little children,
Evil habits' broken spell,
Voyage safe and prosp'ring errand,
We may greet thee, Raphael !

And we love to trace thy likeness
In some mortal presence kind ;
One whose deeds of gentle goodness
Shadow forth a heav'nly mind :
Yea, there may be yet, who seeking
Help from man, an angel find.

King of Angels, One True Healer
Who didst leave Thy FATHER'S Throne
Here to dwell in mortal likeness
Till our foe was overthrown,

Sick to heal and blind to lighten
And to guide and guard Thine own ;

Thou hast rais'd our fallen nature
Far above the angels' place :
Hear our cry, accept our praises,
Of Thy mercy grant us grace
Here with them to do Thee service,
There with them to see Thy Face.

Amen.

"THE YEAR BEGINS WITH THEE."

"THE year begins with Thee !" In life's glad
morning

O thought to calm and purify our mirth ;
With Thy first pangs to read its note of warning
That joy unmix'd is not for Thine on earth.

And so, as cares and changes thicken round us,
How should we dare to tempt the unknown sea,
How bear the severance of old ties that bound us,
But for that thought, "The year begins with Thee?"

Yea, gentle Shepherd, Thou art still beside us,
And we may tread where Thou dost go before :
Through all our years uphold us still and guide us,
Till, for Thy servants, time shall be no more !

BLACK-LETTER SAINTS.

WITHIN the Church's calendar
 Full many a name I trace
 Recorded there, though holding not
 In Holy Writ a place ;
 The Church's lesser stars—for them
 She lifts no service high,
 But ever bids us keep them shrin'd
 In grateful memory.

We love, as circling years go round
 With homely joy and mirth
 To keep the anniversaries
 Of bridal and of birth ;
 And, in some quiet spot apart,
 With prayer and thankful tear,
 To mark the birthdays into rest
 Of those we counted dear.

And these, although we knew them not,
 Were dear unto the LORD ;
 And shall we not give thanks for them
 Who witness'd for His Word ?
 For bishop sage and layman true,
 And virgin pure and mild,
 For faithful king and Christian knight,
 Wise sire and saintly child.

We prize, and love to prize, the names
Of heroes famed in fight,
And proudly trace in history's page
Their valiant deeds of might :
And those we hold as festal days
Whereon such deeds were done ;
When kings were crown'd or tyrants slain,
And glorious fields were won.

And shall we not remember them
Who battled for the Faith,
Those champions true, who loved not
Their lives unto the death,
Or, harder than the Martyrs' strife,
With flesh and sin have striven,
And borne a lifelong Cross to gain
An entrance into Heaven ?

Then pass we ne'er unheeded by
The names of GOD's elect,
The living stones that deck the fane
Of Heaven's great Architect :
For, when all earthly fame is past,
Trac'd by a Hand Divine,
For ever in the Book of Life
Those glorious names shall shine !

"IT IS GOOD FOR US TO BE HERE."

THEY pray'd to linger in the holy place
 Where they, one hour, a glimpse of Heaven
 might see,
 And worship, gazing on That radiant Face
 In awful rapture—yet it might not be !
 With Him, their Head, they must return below,
 And only win their rest through toil and woe.

And oft we cry, 'Tis good for us to stay
 Where worship seems most pure from earthly
 leaven,
 Where prayers and holiest praises day by day,
 And Eucharist, make this world likest Heaven ;
 Yet oft He wills it not, Who knoweth best.
 Such are but glimpses—here is not our rest.

THE LABOURER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

HE hath wrought—he needeth rest :
 He hath wrought the livelong day,
 Patiently hath done his best,
 Seeking not for praise or pay :
 He hath given, spent, for you
 Life, and strength, and mental fire ;
 See ye render him his due,
 Give the labourer his hire !



Reckon strictly, count the cost
 Of the work that he hath done
 In the heat and in the frost,
 In the rain and in the sun :
 Tell him, we commend his task,
 But not yet his arm must tire ;
 Tell him, if he dares to ask,
 That he has not earn'd his hire.

Measure out the just award,
 Say not, it will make delay ;
 Say not, he will deem it hard :
 Let him wait from day to day ;
 Day to day and week to week,
 Wait till heart and hope expire ;
 Fear not he will come to seek,
 Till ye choose to give, his hire.

Week to month, and month to year,
 Let the labour go on trust ;
 Not until we make it clear
 That our reckoning is just,
 Till we know the very least
 We can give, or he require,
 Till the call for work has ceas'd—
 Give the labourer his hire.

Haste ye now, for it is late !
 He hath laid him down to sleep
 Where, beside their fireless grate,
 Widow'd wife and orphans weep.

Knock ! he will not open now,
Will not rise at your desire,
Will not answer why or how
Hath the labourer his hire.

SONG.

I WALK'D by the stream at even,
When the sky was gold and red,
And the glorious hues of the sunset
Were stretching overhead :

And the air seem'd full of music
As the river murmured clear,
And the hymn we had sung at Evensong,
Was ringing still in mine ear ;

For the spell of its chords was on me,
The charm of the melting strain ;
And in the rush of the waters
I seemed to hear it again.

I walk'd by the stream at even,
When the sky was cold and grey,
And the spell of light and music
Had vanish'd all away.

And the river, rough and swollen,
Seem'd leaden as the sky,
And hoarsely murmur'd its waters,
So swiftly rushing by ;



And down in the church at Evensong
We sang the hymn again ;
But not as we sang it heretofore
And not to the dear old strain.

SIMON THE CYRENIAN.

A THOUGHT FOR SOME WHOSE NECESSITIES KEEP THEM
IN THE WORK OF THE WORLD ON GOOD FRIDAY.

"They laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross."—S. Luke xxiii. 26.

ONCE more our holy Mother calls
Within the church's silent walls
To kneel, and watch, and mourn :
The Cross within our midst she rears,
And points, mid penitential tears,
Our eyes to Him, through all the years,
Who there our guilt has borne.

But this world's jarring wheels are loud,
And heedless pass the busy crowd,
As it were nought to them,
To plant and build, to sell and buy ;
No time, when business calls, they cry,
Beneath the Cross to stand and sigh—
So pass'd the heartless gazers by
In old Jerusalem.

Not all. GOD'S Word records the name
Of one who to the city came
(Unwitting of the deed of shame)

For homely task or gain :
His name—no more—the scriptures tell ;
Yet sure he pleased the Master well
On whom the highest honour fell
In all that Royal train.

He only, of the crowds that day,
Might help the SAVIOUR on His way
To Calvary's awful hill :
And He Who read that Simon's heart
Yet sees, at field, or forge, or mart,
His own, and calleth them apart
To follow with Him still.

O thou who fain wouldst turn aside,
By stern necessity denied
One hour beneath the Cross to abide
Within the temple dim ;
Think, they may meet It none the less
Who mid earth's din and care and press
With steadfast heart their LORD confess,
And witness bear for Him.

Look up ! the Cross before thee yet
Is rear'd, and only sin can let
One gazer from its view :



It meets thee in thy common ways ;
Not this alone, but all thy days,
Thou mayest thy SAVIOUR'S burden raise
By service pure and true.

Deem not in holy Church alone
Thy heart's devotion can be shown ;
The toils of day by day—
The will denied, though oft entic'd—
The hour of leisure sacrific'd,
May prove a rood to bear for CHRIST,
Along the King's Highway.

Not for mere dole of charity
The words "Ye did it unto Me"
Are in love's treasury stor'd :
Who serve with time and brain and pen,
"With goodwill doing service," then
Such helpers of their fellow-men
Are helpers of their LORD.

Ev'n as the meek Cyrenian bent
'Neath that dread gracious Burden, lent
One brief blest hour to share,
When tasks are stern and cares engross,
Still in each common toil and loss
Look gladly for thy Master's Cross,
And bow thy neck to bear.

IN QUO CORRIGET?

WHEREWITHAL, yea, wherewithal
 Shall a young man cleanse his way,
 Guard his steps from day to day
 In the struggle and the stress
 Of the world's great strife and press,
 So they stumble not, nor fall,
 So they faint not, neither stray ;
 Wherewithal, yea, wherewithal ?

Wherewithal, O wisdom, say,
 Shall the work-day's load be borne,
 And the week-day garb be worn,
 So that heart and hands and feet
 Duly cleans'd, be not unmeet
 On the LORD'S blest holy-day
 With the pure white robe to adorn ;
 Wherewithal, O wisdom, say ?

Wherewithal, O learning, teach,
 Shall the lips, kept pure from vice,
 From all flatteries which entice,
 From amid the voices loud
 Of the rude and wrangling crowd—
 Innocent and true of speech,
 Bring of praise meet sacrifice ;
 Wherewithal, O learning, teach ?



Yea, can these things be? They can.
Wisdom not to wise men given
Simple ones to learn have striven :
Where upon His Altar-Throne
JESUS meets and feeds His Own,
Such shall find the talisman
Which may guard the child of Heaven.
Yea, can these things be? They can.

Unto Him be endless praise,
Who can guide the steps aright,
Keep hands spotless in His sight ;
Day by day, and week by week,
Keep hearts steadfast, pure, and meek,
Lips, mid strife of jarring throngs,
Meet to lead angelic songs ;
And His faithful ones arrays
In the robe of stainless white.
Unto Him be endless praise !

AUTUMN.

O FULL-VOICED river, hasting down
With ceaseless race of rapid motion,
And crested waves that mimic ocean,
Above the boulders swart and brown !

O river, brimming to the banks,
Covering the rocks whereon we stood,
Even as Time's relentless flood
Drowns our sweet memories. Have thou thanks.



Our sweet dead memories ! they are gone,
As foam-wreaths drifted down the stream,
As fancies of some happy dream
At waking. Yet thy waves go on.

The leaves break forth and turn and fall ;
The flowers come up and bloom and fade ;
Corn shoots and ripens, and is laid
In storehouse : thou goest on through all,

Changeless, yet changing : through the days
Of summer, creeping gently by
The sands and rocks left bare and dry,
Scarce heard thy under-song of praise ;

And we, beside thy pleasant brink,
Beneath the leaves, among the flowers,
Drifted through all the sunny hours,
Whither, we did not ask or think.

And well. For who would seek to read
His future, lest it mar his bliss ?
We have our past ; and is not this
Enough ? yea, surely, all we need.

Ev'n as the rocks beneath the wave
Are there, although we cannot see,
So shall our past sweet memories be,
Not lost, though hidden in the grave,

Beneath a flood more deep, more fleet
Than thine, great river, hasting down



Between the woods grown sere and brown
Where yet we stand with lingering feet :

Where yet to wander we are fain,
As if the old familiar ways,
Could bring us back to summer days
And gladness past. O fond and vain

The hope, the clinging ! Nevermore !
The skies are grey, the boughs are bare :
Dead wither'd leaves are everywhere
Strewn, like lost joys, along thy shore.

Dark looms the hill's majestic form :
All swollen run the mountain rills ;
And in thy voice among the hills
Is heard the presage of a storm.

PASTOR FIDUS.

A MEEK and lowly mien, a mild address,
And yet an awe-inspiring dignity
Doth cling around him wheresoe'er he go,
Not only of the priestly office high,
But (that which few men carry here below)
The exceeding dignity of gentleness.
Lips that whene'er they move, seem fain to bless,
And eyes most wont to close in meekest prayer,
And hands for ministry of holiest care ;
Feet swift to carry succour in distress,

And, over all, an Angel's brow serene.
Yet those mild eyes have searching glances keen,
And those pure lips have words and tones severe
Of warning, unto whomsoe'er will hear :
Rebuking sharply, sparing not, for praise,
Or blame, or cold contempt, or party-strife.
And many hear, and many go their ways
Unheeding, though a pure and saintly life
Witness against them, striving evermore
In faith and patience failing souls to win ;
Hoping against sad hope, and toiling sore
Amid a world of storm and doubt and sin
And jarring tumult. How could such endure
But for that world of peace and love within
A heart at peace with Heaven, a conscience pure ?

A weight of subtil learning most profound,
Not borne for strife or cavil, not for doubt,
But to build up and strengthen : a refin'd
And careful study, aptly to enlarge
On Faith's high mysteries, wisely bringing out
Things hidden ; yet apt to teach a childlike mind ;
And ever heedful of that pastoral charge
From the Chief Shepherd, first His lambs to feed,
And nurture in young hearts the Heavenly seed
So early planted : thus he, shepherd-wise,
Doth lead and go before them, and around
Doth fence them with a holy guard of prayer,
And precept and unceasing sacrifice :
So ever doth unshrinking witness bear

To our pure Mother's teaching : thus unknown,
Yet not the less confessing ; yea, through ill
And good report, unmov'd, unswerving still,
As who doth strive, in unrelaxing care,
For lives and causes dearer than his own,
That some may faultless stand before GOD'S Throne.

A patient watchman on the turret height,
Calling, to slumbering hearts, the waning hours ;
Counting the watches of the far spent night :
A guardian spirit, waiting with wide wings
To shield some weaker soul from adverse powers :
A gentle shepherd who doth seek the lost
And straying sheep, in all the desert wide,
At pains to track them through their wanderings :
A sentinel who doth unsleeping bide,
Through dark and daylight, at his painful post :
A herald high before the wrestlers crying
The rules of contest, yet himself the most
(Lest all his labour be an empty boast)
Above all other stern and self-denying :
A beacon light, round which the billows rage,
Yet raging, harm not, though by tempest hurl'd
And heav'd ; but these roar, and beat out their life
And sink at last to calmness at its base.
So stood the "loyal-hearted Athanase,"
And wrestled for GOD'S truth against men's lies :
So, till the end, His Saints shall dure the strife,
And in their foolishness confound the wise,
And in their weakness overcome the world.

QUESTIONINGS.

“ **I** S thy heart right, as my heart is with thine ?
Through all the silence comes no answer back
And comes no sign.”
Ask not, faint heart : keep on thy Heavenward track.

“ Dost thou remember yet the pleasant ways
We walk'd together ? do the echoes ring
Of those old days ?”
Ask not, fond heart : lift up thy voice and sing.

“ Dost thou bethink thee, when on bended knee,
Before the Altar, sometimes there to say
One prayer for me ?”
Ask not, true heart : kneel down thyself and pray.

“ Wilt thou walk on unswerving to the end,
Not faint thy faith, not cold thy love, not dim
Thy hope, O friend ?”
Trust GOD, brave heart ; and trust thy friend with
Him.

A VILLAGE CHOIR.

WHERE two or three are gather'd, gracious
LORD,

Thou dost not spurn the tribute that they bring :
So be these voices' humble faint accord
Wafted to regions where the angels sing.

Lowly the strain, the parts but weak and few ;
But Thou dost hearts, not voices, weigh and scan :
Deign Thou to bless the "loyal hearts and true,"
Who pay the meetest worship that they can.

And when the hour of praise, too brief, is o'er,
And on their sundering ways the singers part,
Still grant that each may bear for evermore
A strain of Heavenly music in his heart.

Still may he hear the echoes of the Psalm
For all the jarring notes of earthly strife ;
Wear, for the white robe of the Sunday calm,
The "white flower of a blameless" week-day "life."

Confirm the faith, guard, strengthen, guide the feet ;
That, be the diff'ring paths or short or long,
"Not unremember'd" hearts and voices meet
To swell the chorus of the One new song.



ANGELS.

O HOLY guardians ! O celestial chorus !
 How shall your praise be told by mortal pen ?
 Unwearied in your watchful shelter o'er us ;
 GOD'S messengers, the succourers of men.

O far above the poet's highest soaring !
 O far beyond the skill of art to paint !
 Our best conceptions, fancy's flights adoring,
 Before your awful beauties fail and faint.

Yet still from Heaven some gracious shadows reach us,
 Some forms around and in our midst we see
 That, even 'mid this world's care and sin, may teach us
 Something of what the holy angels be.

Some life, whose light is as a shining beacon ;
 Some presence, " sunshine in a shady place ."
 Some soul that, like the Proto-martyr Deacon,
 Lights up earth's features as an angel's face.

True priests, the Shepherd's high behest obeying,
 Toiling, with quenchless love, lost souls to win ;
 And gentle women teaching, nursing, praying,
 In foulest haunts of misery and sin.

Innocent babes, whose every look and gesture
 Seem fraught with guileless sweetness all Heav'n's
 own :

Or bright boy-faces, with the stainless vesture
 Singing pure praise before the Altar-Throne.

In Christian manhood, loyal part of living,
Following the steps our great Example trod ;
In business life & faithful witness : giving
The glory of its prime of strength to GOD.

These all and more among us, serving daily
In varying ways, are pledges of Heaven's love :
Such are but few in earth, that earth more duly
Deem of the higher ministries above.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

(A FRAGMENT.)

THEY have pleaded, but the great one hath no pity
And is stern of answering :
They are captives, at his mercy, in the city
Which he ruleth as a king.
And they, standing in that awful presence chamber,
In the helplessness of woe,
With slow-awakening consciences, remember
A scene of long-ago.

Ah ! the innocent despairing interceding
Of those young pathetic eyes !
In the anguish of his soul they scorn'd *his* pleading,
Steel'd their hearts against his cries :

Now at length by righteous judgment overtaken
Self-convicted, aw'd they stand
Helpless, dumb in conscious guilt, as Heav'n-for-
saken
Strangers, in a stranger's land.

* * * * *

Then the ruler spake, in attitude commanding ;
One by one each slave departs.
They and he within the hall alone are standing :
They can hear their beating hearts ;
Till he speaketh : " I am Joseph, ev'n your brother ;
Liveth then my father yet ?"
Till they look in mute surprise on one another,
Who remember—who forget.

He, the mighty king's vicegerent, cold and stately,
Yea, majestic to behold,
At whose feet they bow'd and trembled but so lately,
He, the brother whom they sold !
Whom, in heartless spite their loving sire misleading,
Once they vilely cast away ;
But not yet have those clear eyes forgot their
pleading
As he pleads with them to-day !

Pleadeth, till the sore repentance and the sadness
And the shame of all the past
Melt away before the overwhelming gladness,
Turning into joy at last :

And they know him now, unchang'd, for all his splendour,
Nor fear to press around
Him, the brother whom they wrong'd, forgiving, tender,
The long-lost, and the found !

TWO VOICES.

THEY sang together, son and sire,
On festival and Sunday bright,
Their voices blended in the Choir,
And both put on their robe of white :
The one in childhood's innocence,
The freshness of life's opening morn ;
The other cleans'd through penitence,
By care and pain and labour worn :
So neither might unmeetly wear
The spotless choral vesture there.

Pass on awhile ; and ye might trace
A shadow on the childish brow,
As oftener to the holy place
He comes without his father now ;
For stricken sore the father lay
Low on his humble couch of pain ;
And ever fainter grew each day
The hope that he would come again ;
And in the prayers his name was said
Who there so late had knelt and pray'd.

A few more days, and hope is o'er :
The child must always come alone
Henceforth. The father comes no more
To sing before the Altar-Throne
On earth. His faithful comrade's eye
Falls sadly on his vacant place :
Nor yet the widow's tears are dry,
And grief has mark'd the boy's young face
Thus early call'd to bear his Cross
In sorrow for a parent's loss.

Yet faint and fear not, orphan'd heart,
And bravely, little voice, sing on :
In joy and grief still do thy part
Till thou shalt go where he is gone.
One note of true and humble praise
Has pass'd from out our earthly choir,
Yet doubt not angel voices raise
Their songs of pure thanksgiving higher
For one more wanderer, past all harms,
Safe gather'd to his FATHER'S Arms.

In CHRIST he lives : and who shall say
But, from his home of rest above,
He still may watch thy earthly way
With more than earthly father's love ?
Be this or no, one truth is sure ;
The FATHER of the fatherless



Can give thee patience to endure,
And faith and hope to onward press
Till, once again, your voices blend
In that great song that hath no end.

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT,

6TH FEB., 1875.

WE mourn. A long familiar face
Is miss'd : a master-soul has fled.
His grateful country grants a place
To-day, among her mightiest dead.

To-day, when London's heart shall bring
Meet tribute to the pure and just,
One hand, far distant, yearns to fling
Its garland o'er the honour'd dust.

One, for the sake of days gone by,
A sharer in to-day's great loss.
E'en let it be. I fain would try
To wreath my garland to a Cross ;

For such a wreath beseems thee well,
O wise and pure and peaceful soul,
Most gifted. Other lips may tell
Of that fair life's harmonious whole ;



How, in a lowly station born,
The rising flame burnt clearly on,
Till, fit a nation to adorn,
Both near and far its beams have shone.

I would the gladlier trace Heaven's clue,
The windings of the silver thread,
From first to last still running through
The pure and faithful life he led.

How fits life's closing to its morn,
The evensong to matin-hour,
How fame and love and gifts were worn,
And learning, "lightly, like a flower."

And how, though honours strew'd his way,
The simple nature never chang'd,
Friend of the great men of his day,
From humble duties ne'er estrang'd.

All England meetly mourns her son,
Whose labours fade not, but endure :
The faithful work in silence done,
The gifts of genius fresh and pure.

But they must mourn in other wise
Who in that friendship might rejoice ;
Who meet no more the calm deep eyes,
Who hear no more the kind low voice.

Yet all ungrudging let him go ;
His pattern and his works remain,

He rests with those he lov'd below,
 He rests from sin and grief and pain.

Not his the proud glad lot alone—
 Chastened by Love that wounds to bless,
 Doubt not, the wise great heart hath **known**
 In secret, its own bitterness.

And what is fame, however high,
 And what is art, though art be long ?
 The loftiest art but comes most nigh
 In spirit, to the choir-boy's song.

Rest well, great master, honour'd friend,
 Though all too brief thine earthly days !
 Where earthly toils and sorrows end
 Begins the endless Life of Praise.

TRANSFIGURED.

AS some familiar hill the scene adorning
 Daily before us, half unnotic'd lies,
 Until we mark it, on some winter's morning
 Surplic'd in snows, transfigured to our eyes,

The same, and not the same.—With admiration
 Each wonted outline glorified we trace,
 Sparkling in radiance like a new creation,
 Heav'n's light upon the homely earthly face ;



And scarce more fair, we deem, in outline tender
 The hills of the blest Country may appear,
 What time the new-made earth in all its splendour,
 Bursts on our ravished senses, full and clear :

So have I seen some faithful soul and lowly,
 Whose daily tasks were humble and obscure,
 In meekness wear, for office high and holy,
 As hills their snow, the choral vestment pure.

No change has pass'd upon the outward seeming,
 The earthly form and features that we knew,
 Yet were it not an idle fancy, deeming
 That something of Heaven's light may rest there
 too ;

That purified from taint of earthly leaven,
 The Blood-bought robe made white from mortal
 stain,
 Perchance one day in the great choir of Heaven
 'Twere not so hard to know that face again !

A SIMILE.

EV'N as in music, in our common chord,
 Three differing notes, by subtil law of sound
 Are tun'd to one all-perfect assonance,
 So, from the seven days' gamut, toil and rest
 Tun'd to the first day's undernote of praise,
 Make up the perfect chord of Christian life.

TWO RIVERS.

O PLACID river ! winding through
 The smiling vale with plenty crown'd,
 Green pastures, cornfields sun-embrown'd,
 Still sea-ward like a silver clue.

Scarce ripple heaves thy tranquil breast,
 Or boulder, as thou wind'st along ;
 And softly murmured is thy song
 As one that lulls a babe to rest.

How far unlike thy sister wave,
 Though springing from a kindred source,
 And rushing o'er her rock-rent course
 She seek with thee, her goal, her grave.

For ancient prophecy doth say
 That " Dee and Don shall run in one :"
 And vext or still, their courses run
 Through diverse paths, the selfsame way,

To meet at last, both Don and Dee,
 In one fair city's vast embrace ;
 Together end their twofold race
 Commingling in the selfsame sea.

Blending beyond the harbour bar
Their voices twain with ocean's roar,
Haply they recollect no more
How erst their paths diverg'd so far.

So human souls, whose work and aim
Are one, though wide their paths should roll
Apart, may seek the selfsame goal,
Their faith, their hope, their end the same :

Though one its placid course should take
Serene and still with even flow,
And months and years should come and go
Without a change, without a break ;

And one 'mid shifting scenes and strange,
And sudden troublous shocks which seem
Like rugged rocks that mar the stream,
And vainly seek its course to change.

What matter? if the unerring Guide
Who doth men's "hearts as streams command,"
Who holds the waters in His Hand,
And ever rules life's shifting tide,

Who bids each mystic river-force,
Rock-broken Dee and placid Don,
To one sure goal glide swiftly on,
Still shapes each mortal's varying course.

“A few more partings” here, a few
Windings diverging more or less—
What matter? So they onward press
To one sure goal with impulse true :

So they but meet, dear LORD, above
On the Celestial City’s shore,
To lose themselves for evermore
In the vast Ocean of Thy Love.

NON ANGELI—SED ANGLI.

LITTLE faces in a row—
Sunny faces all aglow,
Childish forms in robes of snow,
Jostling as ye muster !
Worthy of a higher theme
Some perchance may fondly deem,
Likest, to my thought, ye seem,
Snowdrops in a cluster.

School’d to step and tone demure,
With your voices fresh and pure,
In that worship much, be sure,
True and sweet and glad is.

Marvel not if through the screen
May some truant glance be seen ;
Ah ! no angels these, I ween,
Thoughtless little laddies !

Ask we, doth the LORD of might,
Thron'd "above the starry height,"
In such worship take delight,
In such praise have pleasure ?
Is *our* worship, are *our* prayers
So much worthier than theirs,
Then, that one amongst us dares
Question thus and measure ?

At the King's triumphal ride,
Children in the temple cried,
Thoughtless children sham'd the pride
Of the chosen nation :
He Who form'd their infant tongues,
He to Whom all praise belongs,
Silenc'd not their joyous songs'
Artless acclamation.

So believe, He deigns to own
Now the feeblest childish tone
Here before the Altar-Throne
Lowly tribute bringing.
He but guide and teach them how
Best to serve like angels now,
Till mid angel-hosts they bow,
Praise all-perfect singing !

ON A CERTAIN PICTURE OF S. CECILIA.

HAST thou not heard of that sweet Saint
 Whose Heav'n-descended skill
 Might wake the subtlest harmonies
 Of strings and pipe, at will?
 How with such pow'r among the keys
 Her matchless fingers stray'd,
 That angels stoop'd from Heav'n, entranc'd,
 To listen, while she play'd?

(And who shall say but angels yet
 May list to mortals' praise,
 Not only when, in some vast fane,
 A nation's voice to raise,
 The pealing organ-thunders roll,
 But when unseen, apart,
 Plays o'er its simple canticle
 One lowly faithful heart?)

Yet have I seen one painter's thought
 More subtil and more sweet,
 Where all the instruments she loved
 Lie at Cecilia's feet;
 And dumb the loosen'd organ-pipes
 Fall from her nerveless hands,
 Whilst listening to the angel choirs
 Voiceless, enrapt, she stands.

Doth it not teach, earth's fairest sounds
But echo, faint and far,
Strains which "the angels ever sing,"
Beyond the "golden bar?"
"Ear hath not heard" the harmony
For CHRIST'S Redeemed Ones stor'd :
They need no more the hymns of earth
Who catch its faintest chord.

KERLOCH CAIRN.

OF all the hills of sweet Deeside,
Serene and smiling, grand and stern,
That mark the varied landscape wide,
Commend me most to Kerloch Cairn.

Now faintly seen through mist and storm,
How grandly in its outline shows
That dim majestic couchant form,
All surpliced in its winter snows :

Or in the tender light and calm
Of summer sunsets broad and still,
When softest winds breathe airs of balm,
I've mark'd thee oft, thou lovely hill.

Thou art a parable most pure,
(Or so thou seemest to mine eyes)
Of faith and hope and love that dure
Alike 'neath fair or darkling skies.

A faith unruffled and serene,
A loyal love through joys and woes,
A hope undimm'd through every scene,
And steadfastness, and calm repose.

Lift up thy summit heav'nward still
O'er sweet Saint Ternan's happy vale ;
Show thy fair type, unchanging hill,
While sunsets redden and grow pale.

Lift up thy glorious length in light,
Bright with the heather and the fern !
Say, do I read thy lesson right,
My beauteous landmark, Kerloch Cairn ?

A MEMORIAL.

GONE hence—gone home from out this life of pain,
Of sadness, and repentance true and deep,
O blessed ! when we think upon thy gain
How shall we dare to weep ?

What though a toilsome road thy steps have trod,
The good and tender Shepherd went before,
Leading thee upward to the Mount of GOD,
By trial sharp and sore.

His Love, that sought thee, far as thou didst roam,
That found thee in thy wanderings here below,
Far from thy Heavenly as thine earthly home,
That would not let thee go ;

That taught thy ransom'd lips glad hymns to raise,
Giving thee in His Courts a while, though brief,
For heaviness the garment white of praise,
The oil of joy for grief :

Shall it not clothe thee with the robe Blood-bought,
The spotless robe, for spousals of the King?
Shall it not teach thee praise beyond all thought
Before the Throne to sing ?

Ah ! wondrous love, to brighten and to cheer
The lowly lot, the faltering steps to guide,
Till that blest service seemed to thee more dear,
Than aught on earth beside :

And thou hast found, within the earthly court,
A sheltered home, a little nook of rest ;
A little time of happy training, short,
But infinitely blest.

Then though we miss thee from thy wonted place,
And though they miss thee sorest, who are left
Without thine aid their struggling path to trace,
Thus orphan'd and bereft,

We dare not wish thee back—"at rest and free"
Where toil and pain and sore temptations cease.
CHRIST'S Love so guide us that we pass like thee
Through penitence to peace !

THE FANES OF ENGLAND.

(SUGGESTED BY MRS. HEMANS'S POEM "THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.")

THE ancient fanes of England !
How wondrously they rise
Amid her fair ancestral burghs,
Of goodly memories :
A noble legacy is theirs ;
The very ground we tread
Seems hallow'd by a thousand prayers,
And the dust of mighty dead.

The village fanes of England !
How blessedly they stand,
With humble dwellings cluster'd round,
In all the pleasant land !
And thitherward the rustic train,
Array'd in Sunday best,
Wind duly through the shady lane
On each glad day of rest.

The city fanes of England—
Mid crowded haunts of sin,

How gloriously their chimes go forth
Above the city's din !
Upon whose Altars, day by day,
The Bread of Life is broken :
Where the careworn snatch an hour to pray,
And the fearless word is spoken !

The blessed fanes of England !
O ! long may England rear
True hearts to guard her holy faith,
And ritual most dear !
And ever be the temples blest
In beauty fair array'd,
Wherein His Feet have deigned to rest
Who Heaven and earth has made.

IN MEMORIAM G. C. ÆTAT. 7.

WHAT hath been thy life to thee?
Sunbright hours of childish glee,
A little work, a little play :
Learning, in thy lot, to share
Homely love and homely care,
All so soon to pass away !

Little hands, thy breast above,
Lay fair tokens of their love,
Blossoms bright and frail as thou :

Little footsteps gently pass
Above thee in the sunny grass,
Thou dost not smile to greet them now !

Glad we saw thee last, and bright,
In thy young life's rosy light,
In thy childhood's wealth of mirth :
Now thy little form lies cold,
Underneath the churchyard mould,
Dust to dust and earth to earth.

But we need not shrink or weep :
For thou wilt not fear to sleep
Where He slept a little while :
That soft bed is no dark prison ;
Thou shalt rise, for CHRIST hath risen,
Purified from mortal guile.

What hath been thy death to thee?
Rest from sin and vanity,
A little pain, a little strife :
In the Cross a little share,
A little loss of worldly care,
And gain of everlasting Life.

FOR THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

SAINTS—how shall we tell their countless number,
 Whom we would commemorate to-day?
 Those within our own churchyards who slumber,
 Those who died in regions far away.

From the martyr son of Adam, sleeping
 Where his blood first watered the young earth,
 To the sealéd babes who, mid our weeping,
 Pass to endless Life from Christian birth.

From the land of mountains snowy-crested,
 From the land of drought and burning sky,
 They their faithful witness have attested,
 They were called to suffer and to die.

Some, the Church's Martyr-roll adorning,
 Names that not unmov'd our lips may speak ;
 Who, the world and worldly pleasures scorning,
 In His Strength have triumph'd, being weak :

Some who all unseen their strife have striven,
 Names that never shall on earth be known
 Till, before the Powers and Thrones of Heaven,
 CHRIST their SAVIOUR shall confess His own.

Think not only of the Saints victorious,
 When this aged earth was in her prime ;
 Think not only of the Martyrs glorious,
 Prophets, teachers, of the olden time :

Think of those yourselves have known and cherish'd,
Who have pass'd before you unto rest ;
Count to-day your treasures sav'd, not perish'd,
In the eternal storehouse of the blest.

Aught of grief and ill can touch them never ;
None can pluck them from the FATHER'S Hand :
Unto Him they live, Who liveth ever,
They and we, in one mysterious band.

They and we—so keep we in communion
Till we meet them on the Eternal shore,
Visibly to join in one blest union,
Holy, undivided evermore.

AT THE RECEIPT OF CUSTOM.

ONE sat still at his office, in centuries long ago,
Close by the shore of the lake with its ceaseless
ebb and flow,
While hour after hour the wayfarers go and come
and go.

Cometh, mid hundreds of travellers, One Who, in
drawing nigh,
Cast on the hated receiver of taxes a gentle Eye,
Gently spake in the ear of the publican, passing by.



Two words only He spake, but they were the words of
might.

His Voice spake them Who spake of old the "Let
there be light !"

"Follow Me." And he arose and followed henceforth
in His sight.

Follow'd Him step by step, in village and country and
town ;

Follow'd the blameless Life, and witness'd the Life
laid down :

Follow'd through life, in death : he weareth the Martyrs'
crown.

So the Almighty SPIRIT, Who all doth sway and
control,

Wrought by pen of accountant the great Evangelist
scroll,

Giveth the Gift unpriced at the hand of the taker of toll.

Once for all hath he chosen : elected for evermore ;

First of the glorious heralds, first of the mystic Four

Who through ages of ages around the Throne shall
adore.

* * * * *

One sitteth still at his office, through long days busy
and slow,

Close by the pathway of traffic, with ceaseless ebb
and flow,

While hour after hour the customers go and come
and go.

Day by day at his gainful office patiently tarrieth he :
Cometh to him no Stranger, bidding him "Follow
Me."

Nay, but long since, O son ! the words were spoken
for thee.

Follower sworn thou art : His Seal is set on thy
brow

Here in thy lot to follow, watch, and live for Him
now.

Look well and mark His steps : He leadeth, teacheth
thee how.

True, He doth not bid thee leave all and come away :
Here, at "receipt of custom," lo, He would have thee
stay,

Serve Him in steadfast fear, and follow Him day by
day.

Is it so easy yet? Hath nought to be sacrific'd ?

Is it so easy to say, when by smooth-tongu'd counsel
entic'd,

"This thing I may not, seeing I follow my Master,
CHRIST?"

Is it so easy to keep calm thoughts in the tumult and
strife ?

Where evil customs abound, and evil passions are
rife,

Is it always easy to lead a godly and sober life ?

And in thine hours of leisure, canst thou not follow
then,
Do Him some service, show forth thy light before
men?
Hath not the Church yet work for the merchant's busy
pen?

Work thou thy work betimes : believe, confess, and
adore,
Cheer'd by the thought of his faith, by sweet
Gennesaret's shore,
Who the "receipt of custom" hath hallow'd for ever-
more.

And in the last great Day, when the secrets of all are
known,
Wherein the taxgatherer-Saint hath a seat and a
judgment throne,
His LORD and Master, and thine, shall receive and
confess His Own.

THE ROYAL TREE.

THERE is a tree of stature fair and high
Which grows in the King's Garden wondrously :
This tree hath branches twain, and one topshoot ;
But never tree did bear such wealth of fruit.
The First-ripe hath been of so wondrous cost
One taste alone might ransom all the lost :

The rest, though in compare a worthless few,
Unto the selfsame pattern faithful grew.
Some were there lily-white, and some blood-red,
The which, when on the hard earth rudely shed,
Did yield sweet odours : eke the tree bare flowers,
And little buds, which bruised by wind and showers,
And nipp'd by frost and beaten down and slain,
Yet in fresh vigour did bud forth again,
And open out, and give their fair perfume,
Amid green leaves which on the branches bloom ;
Great goodly leaves, unto the sun display'd,
Whereof this tree doth cast a pleasant shade,
Beneath which many are lain down to rest ;
And no sick soul or sad and sore distress
Doth lay him down beneath those branches twain,
But straight he easeth him of all his pain ;
And here when mourners lay their dead to sleep
They are so full of hope, they cannot weep,
For whoso sleepeth here, his rest is sweet.
Against this tree the adverse storm winds beat,
But this alone no furious wind can shake,
Nor lightning smite, nor any tempest break ;
And no man's axe this tree can overthrow,
Which hath its root so firmly fixed below,
And with its head looketh to Heaven above.
I pray you tell me now the name hereof.

GOOD FRIDAY.

IS it nothing to you that pass by, is it nothing to you ?

Lo, One hangeth on high, in the rude world's view :
 They have pierced His Feet with nails, and have
 pierced His Hands,
 And they mock as His vigour fails Him, the murder-
 ous bands !
 They have cast Him forth from the city, without the
 gate,
 To suffer their wrath without pity, their merciless
 hate ;
 And they write a title above Him, and set it on high,
 That both they that hate and that love Him may read,
 and pass by.

King Whom His subjects disown, reject and refuse,
 A bitter throne is His throne, this King of the Jews !
 Grievously too have they crown'd Him, Whose crown
 is of thorn :
 Mock'd Him and scourg'd Him and bound Him : all
 this hath He borne ;
 Grief and unrest and the failing of friend after friend,
 Spitting and smiting and nailing : now cometh an
 end :
 Now on the cross He hangs, uplifted to die ;
 And all men gaze on His pangs—they gaze and pass
 by.

He thirsteth : the multitude laugh to scorn and deride :
 The while men thirst and quaff and are satisfied.
 His sorrow none can measure, Who suffereth there ;
 And some pass by to their pleasure, and some to their
 care.

Lo, the sun at noon is pale, and the light is dim,
 And the rocks are rent, and the veil of the Temple,
 for Him,
 While to His FATHER He crieth, a marvellous cry !
 And boweth His Head and dieth : and men pass by.

* * * * *

Is it nothing to you that pass by, is it nothing to you?
 Lo, One cometh on high, in the aw'd world's view,
 At Whose coming the day's light fails, as a fading
 brand's,
 And He beareth the print of the nails in His Feet and
 His Hands :
 Ten thousand fall down and adore Him and own Him
 Divine ;
 And the Sign of the Cross is before Him—a glorious
 Sign !
 And the fires of His Judgment burn, in earth and in
 sky—
 Will ye gaze on Him now? will ye turn away and
 pass by?

Lift up your eyes and behold : is He not the same
 earth Whom ye mock'd at and sold, and have
 d with shame ?



Once e'en your sins hath He purg'd, when His Blood
fell like dew :

For you was He smitten and scourg'd, yea, stricken
for you.

He Who the world hath redeem'd, in His weakness
and pain

Rejected and lightly esteem'd, He cometh again :
Behold, He cometh with clouds ; and every eye
Shall see Him, at Whom the crowds erst mock'd and
pass'd by.

And the sun and moon are aghast, and the pale stars
fall

As fig-leaves fall in the blast, when the stormwinds
call :

And a cry goes up of despair, from the cities and
thrones,

'Mid weeping and rending of hair, of earth's careless
ones.

" 'Tis He ! on earth we denied Him, despis'd, forgot :
Save us, we cannot abide Him : He knoweth us not !
Hide us, O hills, for our doom, our destruction is nigh !
Cover us, earth, in thy womb, so that He but pass
by !"

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135

